

# KICKSHAWS

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*Readers are encouraged to send their own favorite linguistic kickshaws to the Kickshaws Editor. All answers appear in the Answers and Solutions at the end of this issue. Guest editors will continue to appear occasionally.*

## Belly Furniture

ADAM AND EVE ON A RAFT is restaurantese for "two eggs on toast." The following story has 52 other slang words and phrases of the greasy spoon milieu. Can you figure out what they mean? Match the all-capitalized words with the definitions at the end (in some cases, a definition has two different slang words). The slang is from Alexander Day's tasty children's picture storybook, Frank and Ernest, published by Scholastic Books in 1988.

\* \* \*

The diner was about to close. I walked in and sat down at the long formica counter. My favorite waitress, Sally, was waiting on a young couple near the window, and I was waiting for her. To pass the time, I drew pictures of food in the grease that coated the counter top. Maude, the owner of the place, stepped up, wiped my canvas clean, and cleared her throat to rattle off the specials of the day. Because she spoke Diner Language, she motioned to her official translator, the cook, to interpret for me. I waved him away and told her I was now bilingual: I'd just completed a Berlitz Diner course.

"Okay, Mack, prove it," Maude said gruffly. "What'll you have?"

"FRY TWO, LET THE SUN SHINE," I said, hoping I got the syntax correct. "HUG ONE, bring MAMA ON THE RAFT, and gimme a BLONDE WITH SAND."

"Hmph! That's a change. Usually it's the BOILED LEAVES. I suppose you want the DOUGH WELL DONE WITH COW TO COVER?"

"Yeah, but don't SNEEZE on the HEN FRUIT."

"Don't worry, MIKE AND IKE are sitting way over there."

"Oh, one more thing: SWEEP THE KITCHEN."

At this point, Sally came over, took off her apron, and sat down at the next stool. It was time to impress her with my newly acquired fluency in Diner.

"Hi, honey, I'm off work now," she said. "How about some LIFE PRESERVERS?"

"Thanks, I might need them," I said. "Here comes my RAFT and COW PASTE. Hey, wait a second, Maude, I didn't order WRECKED HEN FRUIT."

She turned back to the grill.

"Forget it," said Sally. "I'll give you some PINK STICK."

"I'm in the mood for something a little spicier."

"Come to my place if you want some real BELLY FURNITURE," she said, running her long red fingernails down my menu. "For starters, we can do BLOW OUT PATCHES, and then we can SHAKE ONE IN THE HAY, and..."

"I'd like to TWIST IT, CHOKE IT, AND MAKE IT CACKLE!"

"Oh, you're exciting," she said dreamily. "I'll get you ALL HOT, too."

The diner door burst open. A Hell's Angel with a hell of an appetite hopped onto the stool next to mine.

"Gimme ten WIMPIES with WARTS and WAX," he growled to Maude, "and get a move on it."

Maude mumbled something with her back to him.

"Hey, I'm in a hurry," he said. "Kill the WIMPIES. Just BURN ONE, TAKE IT THROUGH THE GARDEN, AND PIN A ROSE ON IT."

"Grill's closed!" Maude sported over her shoulder. "Might as well invest in a MILLION ON A PLATTER, smother it with POPEYE, and spread YELLOW PAINT all over it."

"Hey! Y'ain't even got HOUNDS ON AN ISLAND?" he barked.

"Nope, Buster, and I ain't got NOAH'S BOY WITH MURPHY, CARRYING A WREATH, so don't flood the counter with your tears."

"You getting smart with me?" he shouted. "Look, make it a RADIO SANDWICH and turn down your volume, Lady."

"Back off, or you'll get a HOT TOP all over those long greasy FROG STICKS you call hair," Maude said, grabbing a cup and getting vicious. "And then I'll PUT A HAT ON IT that you'll never forget!"

The Hell's Angel turned to me and muttered "Last time I was here I asked her to PAINT A BOW-WOW RED, and she served me ANGELS ON HORSEBACK. And if that wasn't bad enough, she gave me some horrible GUESS WATER. Man, I was sick for a week!"

He whirled around and stomped out. I was impressed. It was obvious that Diner was his first language. Sally squeezed my hand and said, "I remember that GUESS WATER. It had CHOKIES in it."

"Doesn't sound too bad," I said.

"It was Maude's April Fool's Special," she laughed, "made with BALLOON JUICE."

"No wonder the poor devil got sick."

"Let's go, Babe. I'll make you feel good, real good," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "How about a HOT ONE?"

"I'd rather PUT THE LIGHTS OUT AND CRY."

"With a SPLASH OF RED NOISE?"

"That's the way I like it," I said. "And then we can put YUM-YUM on the BALED HAY tomorrow."

"There's always HOPE, Honey. Drink up your ADAM'S ALE so's we can leave," she said, trembling a little from the chilly breeze that blew in through the door.

"Yeah, for sure," I said, pulling her close. "It'll go well with my SHIVERING EVE."

"You make me feel like NERVOUS PUDDING. How about a little" --she kissed me-- "OH GEE!"

"You bet!" I said. We got up to leave.

"You talk Diner real fine," she whispered in my ear. "I'm going to give you a big SUN KISS first thing when we get to my place."

As we walked out the door, I looked back and saw Maude splashing MISSISSIPPI MUD on ONE FROM THE ALPS.

add chocolate syrup add ice cream American cheese apple jelly  
artichokes baked potato bowl of chili bowl of tomato soup butter  
buttered toast coffee with cream and sugar doughnuts egg  
egg chocolate malted milk shake food frankfurters and beans  
french-fried potatoes fry two eggs with the yolks unbroken  
glass of orange juice hame with a potato and cabbage  
hamburger with lettuce, tomato, onion hamburgers hot chocolate  
hot dog with ketchup Jell-O marmalade on toast mustard oatmeal  
olives orange juice order of liver and onions  
oysters rolled in bacon and served on toast pancakes pepper  
plate of baked beans plate of hash salt and pepper shakers  
scrambled eggs seltzer shredded wheat soup spinach  
strawberry ice cream strawberry milkshake sugar  
Swiss cheese sandwich tea toast tuna sandwich water

### Tug-A-Sub

Speaking of eateries, here's an example of cafe wordplay that was torpedoed by the omission of one letter. The editor discovered it in the town of Butler, New Jersey, where "there is a restaurant with the curious name TUG-A-SUB. Faith tried to reverse it without success, but then I noted that if the name had been TUG-AT-SUB, one could reverse it to BUST A GUT, which is exactly what a submarine sandwich can do!"

### The Muse of Wino Alley

Poems take time to write. Once I timed myself writing a Shakespearean sonnet, and it took eight minutes. But instantaneous poetry is a rare gift of the muse. In 1976, the muse gave me such a poem during a trip to Alaska with a friend. He and I were exploring the state capital, hitting different streets, till we came to Wino Alley. We followed it and found a couple of guys sipping from their brown bag lunch. Behind them, a chain-link fence protected a yard with a scenic mountain of old booze bottles and beer cans big enough to rival Mt. McKinley. Then it happened. A beam of sunlight ricocheted off a bottle and flashed like inspiration in my eye. Without thinking, I spoke a poem aloud. My friend said "You just make that up? What's it called?" Unfortunately, it didn't come with a title. I spent the next eight years sifting through millions of possibilities, and finally wound up with...

#### ALASKAN DRINKING SONG

You know  
I know  
Juneau  
Wino.

## Digital Word Records

In the last issue, Chris Cole presented a comprehensive list of word records from Webster's Third. One little-explored logological byway with similar records is the category of digital words, previously called numbergrams and numberdromes in the February and May 1989 Kickshaws. Digital palindromes (d-palindromes), for example, are words whose digits (not just their alphanumeric values) read the same backwards and forwards, such as CAM = 3,1,13 = 3113. Tom Pulliam and Leonard Gordon provided several examples. Tom's appeared in the May 1989 Kickshaws, and Leonard's, below.

BANAL 2,1,14,1,12	HONCR 8,15,14,15,18	CONDOM 3,15,14,4,15,13
BASAL 2,1,19,1,12	HOVER 8,15,22,5,18	HOGGER 8,15,7,7,5,18
CIVIC 3,9,22,9,3	IMAMS 9,15,1,15,19	HORROR 8,15,18,18,15,18
DAMAN 4,1,13,1,14	KAIKAK 11,1,9,1,11	NOVENA 14,15,22,5,14,1
DEKED 4,5,11,5,4	KIOSK 11,9,15,19,11	DEFUZED 4,5,6,21,26,5,4
DOVEN 4,15,22,5,14	MAGMA 13,1,7,13,1	DEIFIED 4,5,9,6,9,5,4

From these sources, here are seven digital word records whose words can be found in Webster's Third.

Longest d-charade (digits in same order but grouped differently):

ABCVE 1,2,15,22,5 = LOVE 12,15,22,5 (Pulliam Aug 89)

Longest d-palindrome: INSULINS 9,14,19,21,9,14,19 (Pulliam Aug 89)

Longest d-palindrome also a regular palindrome: DEIFIED 4,5,9,6,9,5,4 (Gordon Aug 90)

Longest d-reversal: ABULIA 1,2,21,12,9,1 = SULU 19,21,12,21 (Pulliam May 89)

Largest d-transposal set: BUSKET, JOVIAL, LOTUS, OBLAST, SALUTE, SALLET, TUSKY (using digits 0111122259) (Pulliam May 89)

Largest d-transposal set, all words different length: CORN, DREAM, ARCADE (using digits 1113458) (Morice Feb 89)

## Greek Speak

In the last Kickshaws, I asked whether many English words can be made by connecting Greek letter-names, such as gammaZeta. They certainly can! John Bulten ran a computer search of Webster's Third and found nearly 100 boldface entries of five or more letters. A few words like CHIMU are made up of complete names; two words, INUPLK and MAXIMUS, span four Greek letter-names. The list below does not include words with repeated Greek letters like TAUTAGamma or gamMAXIMUMu. Sigma may be appended to asterisked words.

betaETASigma, GAMMANu, etAMULambda, etAPHIDelta, etAPHISigma, kAPPALambda, etAPSI Sigma, tAUXInu, etAXIALpha, etAXIOMega, CHIDelta, CHIMU\*, CHIPSi, CHITau, omiCRONeta, omiCRONKappa, omeGAMUTau, omeGAUPSilon, omeGAZETA, alphAMUSigma, alphanUMu, rHOPISigma, pINULambda, epsiLONGGamma, gamMACHI\*, gamMANUSigma, gamMAXIMu, oMICRON, omicroNIOTA\*, epsiLONOMICron, rhOMUTau, epsiLONMUNu, rhOPHIChi, rhOPSINu, rhOXIDelta, kapPAPIOmega, kapPAUPSilon, PHIALpha, PICHl\*, pSITHEta, eTABETA, eTAMUSigma, eTAMUZeta, eTAPIAlpha, eTAP-INu, eTAPIRho, eTAPISigma, TAULambda, eTAXIChi,

eTAXISigma, PIETA\*, PINUP(S)ilon, PINUSigma, PITAU\*, PIXIEta,  
 PSILambda, omicRONDelta, omicRONGamma, pSINUSigma, pSIPIDelta,  
 CHIN-UP(S)ilon, CHIP INu, epsI LONGamma, psINUPIKappa,  
 gamMACHlNu, gamMANUALpha, gamMANUKappa, oMICRON\*,  
 epsilonCHlAlpha, kapPAPIZeta, omicRONDELta, nUPSIDelta,  
 CHlPS INu, gamMACHlLambda, gamMAXIMUSigma, kapPACHISigma,  
 ALPHABeta, epsilon THE TAPISigma

PHI BETA KAPPA and CHI-RHO are entries that trivially qualify.

With single-word entries from the above list, and shorter entries from the same dictionary, it's almost possible to compile a set of English words that join to spell out all the Greek letter-names. In the following, the prefix AP-, the only non-word, joins the end to the beginning to form auK-AP-PAuk. KAPPA is the tricky one. Can a set be found in any single source that avoids a prefix?

PAUP SILO NOME GA THE TAPIR HO LAMB DAN UP SIX ID EL TAO  
 MICRO NEP SI LONE TA SIG MA CHIMU IO TAG AM MAP HI ALP  
 HAZE TABET AT AUK AP-

### The Overhead Underpass

Racing down the pangrammatic highway, where all letters of the alphabet appear on the signs, Faith Eckler zoomed past a span in Morristown, New Jersey, that measures 0.8 mile in length. This poem is dedicated to her for almost reaching the logological half-milestone:

I followed the road to a forest of signs  
 That told me where I could go.  
 I turned on the overhead underpass  
 And wound up above and below.

When I finally got my directions straight,  
 I was upside down, and, what's more,  
 My toes were gripping the steering wheel  
 And my teeth were tapping the floor.

I controlled the brakes by wiggling my ears,  
 And I double-clutched with my chin,  
 And that's how I drove for the rest of the day  
 Without knowing what state I was in.

### The Encyclopedia Telephonica

Punch Press has announced an ambitious publishing venture that attempts to unite the United States with the rest of the world. The Encyclopedia Telephonica: A Global Telephone Directory, compiled by Al Watson, an ex-AT&T PR VP, will make it possible to look up the phone number of anyone on Earth. From the press release:

With the Encyclopedia Telephonica, compiled from thousands of telephone books, it's AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 VOLUMES! Aching to vacation in Aachen? Zany for Zanzibar? Follow our three-step method for a Punch Press Phone-A-Visit: (1) select a volume, (2) look up a number, and (3) dial, dial, dial! It's the next best

thing to being there.

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The Encyclopedia Telephonica will be published, one volume a month, over the next nine years. Volumes 1-26, the Macrophonica, give the alphabetical listing of the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of everyone in our global village. Volumes 27-52, the Microphonica, cross-references everyone by language. Volumes 53-80, the Linguaphonica, is a tourist's phrasebook to all the languages of the world--over two thousand of 'em!

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### Snowball Theatre

Joe and Bob are at a party. Bob wants to leave, but Joe tries to convince him to stay. Sue shows up, and Bob leaves with her. This double play is doubly rhopalic: Joe opens with a one-word line, Bob speaks two words, Joe three, and so it goes till Sue enters, and then each line loses a word when each person speaks. The length of each word increases by one letter as the text moves from left to right.

Joe: O?

Bob: I go.

Joe: O, do you?

Bob: I am too fast.

Joe: O, no, Bob, don't leave.

Bob: I am now gone, adios, exited.

Joe: A 'hi' was what their friend expects.

Bob: A 'hi'? Why give party hellos? Goodbye, fun-lover.

Joe: O, so you feel bored, asleep without dreaming, insomniac.

Bob: I am, Joe, very bored, saying nothing terribly offensive--hypnotized!

Joe: A 'no' may hurt these people. Dignity presumes imaginary rudenesses sensitively.

Bob: I, as you know, party hearty, dancing, drinking, Everyone's pretending seriousness! Unbelievable!

Joe: O, we lie true, where others, however, deceived fervently,

exclaiming forgiveness. Hypocritical blabbermouths!

Bob: I go, man! This night begins without truthful apologies disrupting obnoxiously interminable conversations excruciatingly.

[Enter Sue]

Sue: I do, too, find their party's endless rambling worthless-- definitely exaggerated imaginations regurgitating.

Bob: O, I'd say your words arrive without speaking falsehood! Completely interesting, enlightening!

Sue: I am Sue. Let's leave before boredom prevails, painfully disrupting festivities.

Bob: I am Bob. We'll share secret romance--dramatic, beautiful tenderness.

[Exeunt Bob and Sue to the back seat of his car]

Sue: O, to see your fiery loving! Passion enchants magically.

Bob: O, my Sue, more sweet kisses tonight, tomorrow.

Sue: I do not want other lovers anymore.

Bob: I am for your every desire.

Sue: O, it can last, honey.

Bob: I--we--you come.

Sue: O, to you.

Bob: I do!

Sue: O!

### Roman Numeral Transformations

Pick a Roman numeral, any Roman numeral, and replace the "letters" by their positional values in the English alphabet. Add those values, and put the sum back into Roman numeral form (e.g., VI=22+9=31=XXXI). Repeat this process until a previous sum appears. For example, the longest such sequence of transformations for a number between 1 and 100 appears to be 77/LXXVII=100/C=3/III=27/XXVII=88/LXXXVII=133/CXXXIII=102/CII=21/XXI=57/LVII=52/LII=30/XX=X=72/LXXII=78/LXXVIII=109/CIX=36/XXXVI=103/CIII=30/XXX. (The dash shows the Arabic/Roman equivalency, and the equal sign points to the letter sum after addition.) What is the longest transformation for all Roman numerals using the common form described in Webster's Seventh Collegiate?

Roman numeral transformations for 1 through 100 wind up at one of four possible endpoints, or portals, as Howard Bergerson has termed them. They are an amicable pentagon, an amicable hexagon, or either of two perfect (self-referential) numbers. In amicable polygons, the original number repeats itself after several steps. The Roman Pentagon has five steps: 22/XXII=66/LXVI=67/LXVII=76/LXXVI=91/XCI=22. The Roman Hexagon has six steps: 36/XXXVI=103/CIII=30/XXX=72/LXXII=78/LXXVIII=109/CIX=36. In self-referential numbers, the alphapositional values of the Roman numerals each contain the digit 6, and one of them is six greater than the other. With that information, can you figure them out? Are there any other portals for higher-value numerals? See Answers and Solutions.

Instead of alphapositional values, the Roman numeral symbols can be assigned values in counting order: I=1, V=2, X=3, L=4, C=5,



$D=6$ ,  $M=7$ . The transformations are simpler, and the results more compact-- $30/XXX=9/IX=4/IV=3/X=3/X$ . In this system, there are three self-referential Roman numerals. Two of them are portals for all the others, except for the third self-referential numeral, which is completely isolated. Which are they? See Answers and Solutions.

Finally, if any numeric value can be assigned to the letters, (1) which values would result in the greatest amount of self-referential Roman numerals, (2) how many can be generated, (3) how many are isolated, (4) how many non-self-referential numbers remain, (5) how many portals are there, (6) how many self-referential numerals are isolated, and (7) what unresolved problem appears with Roman numerals? See Answers and Solutions.

### Going Crazy and To The Store

William was going crazy and to the store. For two months, his wife had been badgering him about getting fired and a new job or lost. It wasn't his fault or in the cards. It was fate, embarrassing, and a surprise.

"Don't worry, my dear," he said under the clear night sky and his breath. "I'll get enough money to keep us in clover, the pink, and good standing with our creditors, you'll see."

"By gum, George, God, and jingo! You'd better, or you'll have to find someone else," she said, throwing caution to the winds, in the towel, and a clock at his head.

"Ouch!" he cried. The clock ricocheted off his forehead, a nearby tree, and a passing car. He saw stars, the writing on the wall, and to it that he'd do what he'd promised.

"The nick of time!" she shouted. "I expect you'll return with a million dollars, a hang-dog look on your face, or never. Don't come back till you're rich or the cows come home."

He was crushed. He had no cash nor cows, and she'd given him an ultimatum and the brush-off. He counted out his change, on good fortune, and his chickens before they hatched. "Let's see," he said to himself. "I've got a little headache and over a dollar in my pocket. About all that can buy is aspirin or a lottery ticket."

Walking down the block, he felt gloomy and the need to get rich quick. The corner store and his mind were open, but his head ached from the clock.

"Good evening and weather we're having," said the friendly clerk behind the counter. "Can I help you find something?"

"Thanks, pal," said Bill. "I'll take the bull by the horns and a lottery ticket."

"What happened to your eye? You look like you've been hit with an ugly stick or by a truck or with a clock."

"Right the third time, but I'd rather not talk about it and like to buy the ticket, not the farm."

"Here it is," said the clerk. "Good luck, night, and riddance."

William stood outside in the moonlight and rubbed his aching head and the ticket with the edge of a coin. The numbers matched!

"Well, I'll be damned and rich!" he said. "I won a million dollars!"



He hurried home to tell his wife, who was having a good time and sex with their next-door neighbor. William and his heart pounded on the bedroom door and in excitement.

"Just a second, minute, or moment, dear," she said. To the neighbor, she whispered, "Get dressed and lost."

After the neighbor climbed into his clothes and out the window, Gloria opened the door. She was wearing her nightgown and an angry look on her face.

"What's up, your problem, and that in your hand, William?"

"A lottery ticket! I won a million dollars--"

"--and me back," Gloria said. "That's incredible, wonderful, and half-mine. Oh, I love you and money. I'm sorry I threw you out and the clock at your head."

"That's okay, dear," William replied. "Time heals all wounds and flies."

They kissed each other and their old lives goodbye. And they lived high on the hog, it up, like there was no tomorrow, on Easy Street, and happily ever after.

### Chaotic Words and Letter-Sets

A word can be characterized by its alphabetic letter-differences: for example, in MARE, A is located 14 steps past M (wrapping the alphabet ..XYZABC...), R is 17 steps past A, and E is 13 steps past R. Note that no alphabetic letter-differences are repeated; call a word with this property chaotic. The longer a word, the less likely it is to have this property; how long a chaotic word can readers find?

Pick a set of  $n$  different letters from the alphabet. These can be rearranged in  $n! = n(n-1) \dots (2)(1)$  distinct ways to form "words". Call a letter-set chaotic if all  $n!$  "words" formable from it are chaotic. It is mathematically impossible to find sets of six or more letters that form chaotic letter-sets, but five-letter ones can be found. Chaotic letter-sets can be grouped in families; if the letter-set ABD can be shown to be chaotic, then BCE, CDF, and the other 23 letter-shifts of it also generate chaotic letter-sets. This being so, it is only necessary to search for chaotic letter-sets beginning with the letter A. Each such master letter-set generates a total of  $26n!$  different "words", all chaotic.

What five-letter chaotic letter-sets exist? There appear to be at least seven: ABDHM, ABDIM, ABEJL, ABEKM, ACDIM, ADEJL, ADEKM. Chaotic words belonging to each of these master letter-sets in turn are VAPOR, STAVE, HOMED, SOAPY, SUAVE, PASTY, and SOARY; no doubt others are possible. Are there any other master letter-sets?

### On Rewriting

When I write something, I usually rewrite it. No, make that, When I finish writing something, I rewrite it a couple of times. No, change that to, I struggle with it many times until it's as good as I can make it. No, until it's flawless. In fact, no, make that, I sometimes don't rewrite. No, that should be, I always re-write because inevitably I catch something very stupid that I've

written. No, better say, because on rare occasions I find something that doesn't have the perfection of the rest of the work. Writing comes slowly to me. No, change that to, Writing comes easily to me, except when I can't think of anything to write, which is pretty often. No, better make that, extremely rare. Days go by when I don't even think about writing. No, that should be, Years go by, but no matter what I'm doing, I'm always writing and rewriting. No, make that, I'm always inspired to put something down in words. No, make that, to create. No, make that, to be creative. No, make that, to use creativity. No, make that, to work creatively. No, make that, to engage in creative activity. No, make that, oh, change the whole thing to, I never rewrite!

### A Syllabically-Ordered Palindrome

Gone are the days of the Domino Theory, which stated that one country after the other would fall to Communism like a row of dominos. Now, with the changes in Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union, the game goes faster: a country seeking democracy makes the first move, the USSR makes the second, the rebellious country makes the third, and so on. The player who moves first has the advantage. This new form of political gamesmanship is the TIC-TAC-TOE TACTIC.

### Time For Crime

ONCE, TWICE, and THRICE begin a series that could go on to FOURCE, FIVECE, SIXCE, but doesn't. This poem begins each line with a word that comes close in its sound to continuing the numeric adverbs.

Once upon a time,  
Twice he saw a crime  
Thrice upon the floor.  
Force against the door!  
Fifes! A fifer's knock  
Sics a broken clock--  
Severance! He's afraid;  
"Ace," he said, "a raid!"  
Nonce: he stole a dime,  
Tense upon a time.

### Red Rum, Sir, Is Murder

Can you supply the palindromic conclusion to each of these little mysteries? Example: The judge said Dennis committed a crime, but the priest said ----- . The answer is "Dennis sinned."

1. The cat burglar was able to rob the place because the light was --- --.
2. The cops pulled the hijacked plantain truck over and arrested the driver on suspicion of a ----- --.
3. The submarine carried the smugglers to safety. It was able to outrun the Coast Guard because it had such ---- --.
4. The judge pronounced him guilty of mugging people in the pub-

- lic woods. He wasn't able to beat the ---- --.
5. The jury couldn't tell whether the evidence was pasta or a sliding metal piece that imparts motion to a roller. In fact, some said it was neither ----- -- --.
  6. It was mail fraud. His victims answered a message put in the morning paper in the form of a --- --.
  7. The cops searched her house and seized her journal in what came to be known as the ----- --.
  8. At the end of the trial, the judge told the accused not to ever roll a drunk again. The accused replied with a bitter laugh, "Sure, Your Honor. Next time I'll just ---- --."
  9. The prostitute told the packed courtroom that she always made love like the first woman in the world. Her satisfied clients called her "---- --".
  10. The trespasser was caught in the small meadow. He hadn't read the sign saying "Obey the ----- --".
  11. The angry mob wanted the horse thief hanged immediately. They shouted over and over, "Put him in the ----- --!"
  12. The footprints in the dirt gave the detective no clues. He spat on the silent ground and said, "---- --!"
  13. Ever since the country boy moved to New York, his upper lip twitched uncontrollably. When he held up the bank, the teller noticed that he had a ---- --.

### That Hour A Trap

If you look carefully at the next paragraph, you'll find something that will carry you back through language. Can you figure out the structure? What about the title? See Answers and Solutions.

Watch me, a photographer with too slow rain, too slow, for I shot picture. Remember? Such a bad camera looks new. Everyone notices here. Capture tomorrow with a lost photo. Ah, now we grab the fog! I plan when to view that. Who do you hear? How? No writer had. As we see what? Oh, we begin now to our word, see? Then word ends.

### Alice In The Real World

*This is part of the second chapter of a sequel to Lewis Carroll's two Alice books. To summarize: Alice had been space/time warped into a large American city in the late twentieth century. After a few adventures, she wound up at the Jabberwock Cafe, located in the Wonderland Ghetto. She ordered a caramel roll and coffee from Humpty Dumpty, the large, sleazy egg running the place. He brought it to her, and she began to eat.*

"This tastes rather strange," she said, after swallowing the first bite. "What is it made out of?"

"I'll have to check the box," said Humpty Dumpty, and he went to retrieve it from the trash can. Alice waited for him to return before she ate any more.

"Here," he said, handing it to her, and she read the list of ingredients, stopping at several long words she had never seen.

"What are these?" said Alice, and she pronounced a few of them very slowly and carefully.

"That's enough to begin with," Humpty Dumpty said. "There are plenty of hard words there. **Monosodium glutamate** means six o'clock in the evening--the time when you begin monotonously glutting yourself at dinner."

"That'll do very well," said Alice. "And **trisodium phosphate**?"

"Well, **trisodium** means 'trim' and 'odious'. I suppose it refers to the people who don't eat these rolls. **Phosphate** is the same as 'prosperous'. They just spelled it their way. If you eat enough rolls, you'll feel prosperous, even if you are trim and odious."

"I see it now," Alice remarked thoughtfully, "and what is an **ethyl maltol**?"

"A **maltol** is a thin shabby-looking owl with its feathers colored all around like a butterscotch malt. They're very hard to capture, and they're quite a delicacy. You don't often find rolls made of maltols. This one was named **Ethyl**."

"What did they do with the poor thing's feathers?"

"Probably made them into powdered sugar to sprinkle on donuts. I've got some powdered sugar donuts. Want one?"

"Not right now," said Alice. "But what is this **pyridorine hydrochloride**? I'm afraid that's giving me a great deal of trouble."

"Well, a **pyridorine** is a type of pig that runs in the pork races. **Pyridorine** refers to the color--pretty green. Haven't you heard of pretty green pigs? Now **hydrochloride** I'm not certain about. I think it's the long version of 'high ride,' meaning the maltols had been riding on the pigs high above the grass, which made them visible and easy to catch. As you can see, this roll is an exotic gourmet delight."

"Indeed it is," said Alice, biting down on the caramel roll. "It will certainly taste better now that I know what's in it."

"Would you care for some Sweet 'n' Low in your coffee?"

"What is that made of?"

"Something that looks like sugar. Styrofoam, I'd imagine." Noticing a puzzled look on Alice's face, he continued "Styrofoam is the foam that rises up in waves when the pigs swim in their sty. It doesn't sound too clean, but it's delicious in coffee, which is made from grounds where they have the pork races. Care for some?"

"Thank you, no," said Alice. "I'm afraid I can hardly finish eating the maltol."

Humpty Dumpty offered her some water, but when he told her it was fluoridated, she declined.

"You don't have to tell me what fluoridated water is," she said. "It's water that's been lying on the floor so long that it's dated."

"Oh, really!" said Humpty Dumpty. "Now I didn't know that."

## Lord Of The Flies

Last week I bought a book that was printed on flypaper. Once I started reading it, I couldn't put it down.